

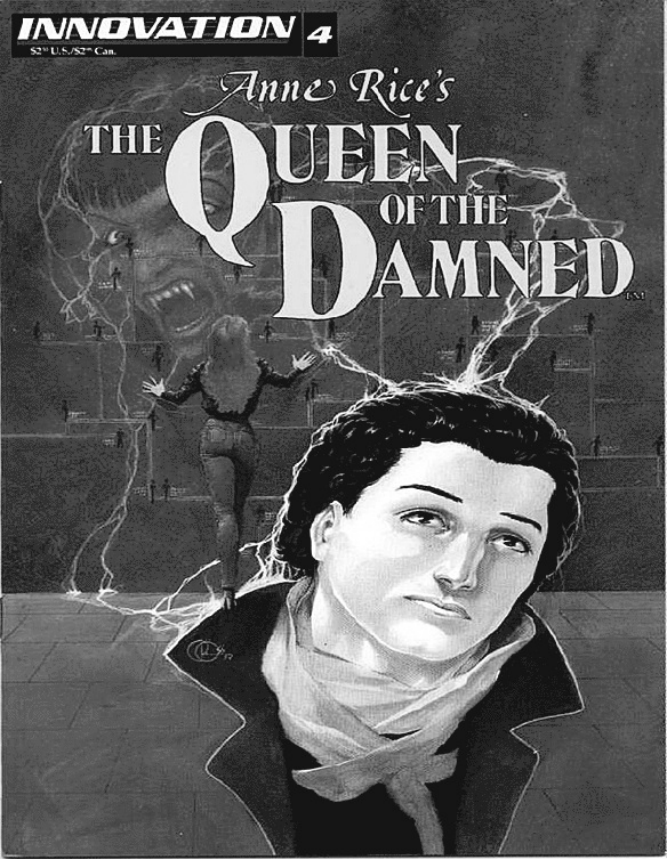
VISIT...

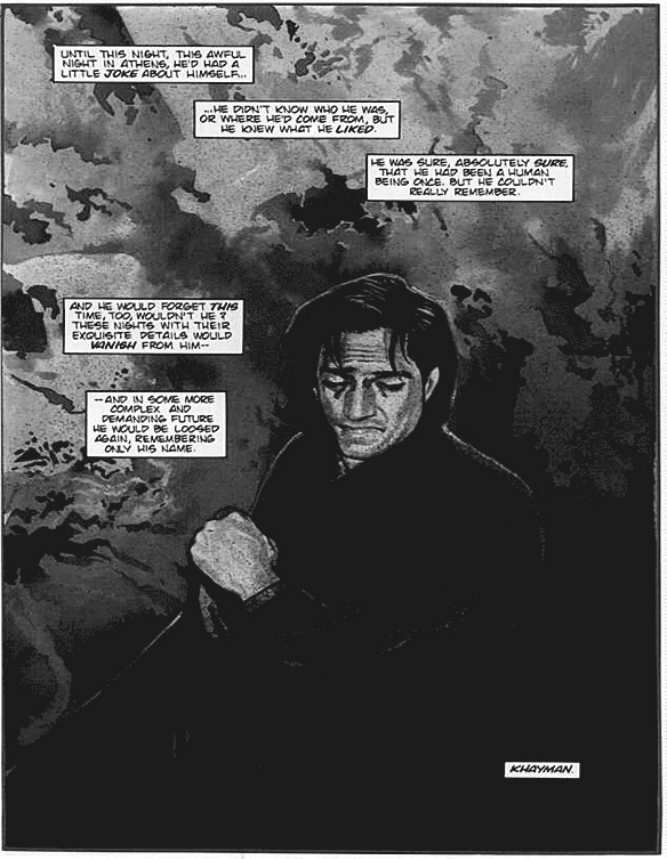
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Anne Rice's  
**THE QUEEN OF THE DAMNED** TM





UNTIL THIS NIGHT, THIS AWFUL  
NIGHT IN ATHENS, HE'D HAD A  
LITTLE JOKE ABOUT HIMSELF..

...HE DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS,  
OR WHERE HE'D COME FROM, BUT  
HE KNEW WHAT HE *LIKED*.

HE WAS SURE, ABSOLUTELY SURE,  
THAT HE HAD BEEN A HUMAN  
BEING ONCE. BUT HE COULDN'T  
REALLY REMEMBER.

AND HE WOULD FORGET *THIS*  
TIME, TOO, WOULDN'T HE ?  
THESE NIGHTS WITH THEIR  
EXQUISITE DETAILS WOULD  
VANISH FROM HIM--

--AND IN SOME MORE  
COMPLEX AND  
DEMANDING FUTURE  
HE WOULD BE LOOSED  
AGAIN, REMEMBERING  
ONLY HIS NAME.

KRAYMAN



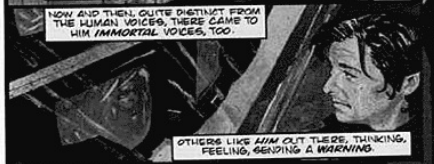
WHEN HE'D FIRST APPEARED  
IN THIS TIME, HE FOUND HIM-  
SELF LISTENING TO VOICES  
FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

LAUGHTER, CRIES  
OF PAIN.



HE DID NOT KNOW WHERE THESE  
VOICES CAME FROM, OR WHY ONE  
VOICE DROVE OUT ANOTHER.

IT WAS AS IF HE  
WERE GOD AND HE  
WERE LISTENING  
TO PRAYERS.



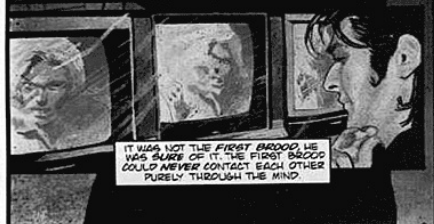
NOW AND THEN, QUITE DISTINCT FROM  
THE HUMAN VOICES, THERE CAME TO  
HIM IMMORTAL VOICES, TOO.

OTHERS LIKE HIM OUT THERE, THINKING,  
FEELING, SENDING A WARNING.



BUT WHAT THE HELL WAS  
THE FIRST BROOD? HE  
COULDN'T REMEMBER!

INEVITABLY, HE SHUT  
OUT THE VOICES.



IT WAS NOT THE FIRST BROOD, HE  
WAS SURE OF IT. THE FIRST BROOD  
COULD NEVER CONTACT EACH OTHER  
PURELY THROUGH THE MIND.

AND LONELINESS  
AND FEAR  
OVERCAME HIM.



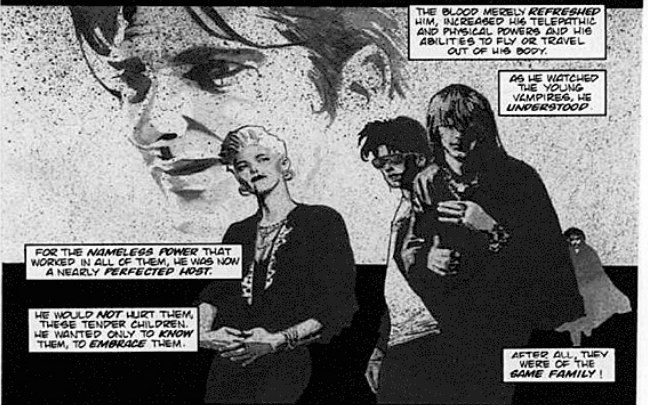
THEN ONE NIGHT HE SAW  
OTHER BLOOD DRINKERS,  
AND HIS HEART STOPPED.

THEY WERE DIFFERENT FROM HIM--  
MADE UP OF SO MUCH SOFT HUMAN  
TISSUE THAT THEY WERE ANIMATED  
CORPSES STILL.



AND HOW THEY NEEDED THE  
BLOOD OF THEIR VICTIMS!

IT WORKED NOT MERELY TO ANIMATE  
THE TISSUE, BUT TO CONVERT IT  
SLOWLY INTO SOMETHING ELSE.



THE BLOOD MERELY REFRESHED  
HIM, INCREASED HIS TELEPATHIC  
AND PHYSICAL POWERS AND HIS  
ABILITIES TO FLY OR TRAVEL  
OUT OF HIS BODY.

AS HE WATCHED  
THE YOUNG  
VAMPIRES, HE  
UNDERSTOOD

FOR THE NAMELESS POWER THAT  
WORKED IN ALL OF THEM, HE WAS NOW  
A NEARLY PERFECTED HOST.

HE WOULD NOT HURT THEM,  
THESE TENDER CHILDREN.  
HE WANTED ONLY TO KNOW  
THEM, TO EMBRACE THEM.

AFTER ALL, THEY  
WERE OF THE  
SAME FAMILY!



HE HAD DONE THIS!  
HE KNEW HE'D DONE IT.  
HE'D FELT HIMSELF  
DOING IT.

AND SHE HAD BEEN  
SO AFRAID!



HE MUST FIND THE  
OTHER TWO BLOOD  
DRINKERS AND TELL  
THEM THAT HE WAS  
SORRY...

...THAT HE WOULD NEVER,  
NEVER USE THIS  
POWER AGAINST THEM.



HE LISTENED FOR THEM,  
AND FOUND THEM IN A  
TAVERN, STUNNED WITH  
GRIEF AND FEAR.



THEY MUST TALK TO HIM.  
THEY MUST BE WITH HIM!



I COME IN PEACE.  
I ONLY WISH TO SPEAK  
TO YOU. NOTHING SHALL  
ANGER ME.

I COME  
IN... LOVE.





HAD HE DONE THIS? WAS HE  
DEATH TO THE OTHERS,  
WHETHER HE WILLED IT OR NOT?



NO. HE HAD  
NOT DONE IT.

SHE HAD.



KHAYMAN.  
MY KHAYMAN.



YOU!

AND SUDDENLY HE REMEMBERED  
EVERYTHING. EVERYTHING  
HE HAD EVER SEEN OR BEEN  
OR KNOWN.



THEN IT WAS  
FINISHED. SHE  
WAS GONE.

HE FELT HER RECEDING  
PRESENCE, MOVING TOWARDS  
THE WEST ABOVE THE BITS  
AND PIECES OF PALE CLOUD.



FOR HOURS HE WANDERED  
THE DARK BACK STREETS.

LIKE A FOOL HE CRIED FOR  
ALL THOSE HE HAD KNOWN  
AND LOVED THROUGHOUT THE  
CENTURIES.



BUT WHAT HURT HIM ABOVE  
ALL THINGS WAS THE GREAT  
SUFFOCATING SENSE OF THE  
BEGINNING...



...THE TRUE BEGINNING, WHEN  
HIS SOVEREIGN HAD ORDERED  
HIM TO RAPE THE RED-  
HAIRD TWINS...

...AND HE HAD DEFILED THEM,  
ONE AFTER THE OTHER.

HOW HE LOVED THE  
SUDDEN SENSE OF  
PURPOSE, ILLUSORY  
THOUGH IT MIGHT BE.



DAMN YOU, MY  
SOVEREIGN!

DAMN YOU  
TO HELL FOR WHAT  
YOU DID--TO ALL  
OF US!

COULD IT BE THAT THE HOUR  
HAD COME? THAT THE  
TWINS HAD SOMEHOW ENDURED  
JUST AS HE HAD?



WHAT A LUSTROUS AND  
OVERWHELMING THOUGHT,  
THAT THE FIRST BROOD  
WOULD COME TOGETHER.

HE MOVED WEST,  
TOWARD THE  
VAMPIRE LESTAT,  
TOWARD THE  
VOICES THAT  
BEGGED FOR  
UNDERSTANDING  
OF THE DREAMS  
OF THE TWINS.

TOWARD AKASHA.

SANOMA, CALIFORNIA...

JESSE WAS MOANING  
IN HER SLEEP.

SOMEWHERE IN THE BIG  
RAMBLING HOUSE, A  
CLOCK CHIMED. SHE MUST  
WAKE UP. TWO HOURS  
UNTIL THE VAMPIRE  
LESTAT'S CONCERT.

BUT SHE COULD NOT  
LEAVE THE TWINS NOW.

THE TWINS WERE IN THE  
DESERT KINGDOM AGAIN.  
BUT SOMETHING WAS  
WRONG, VERY WRONG.

ONE OF THEM WAS  
NOW BLIND.

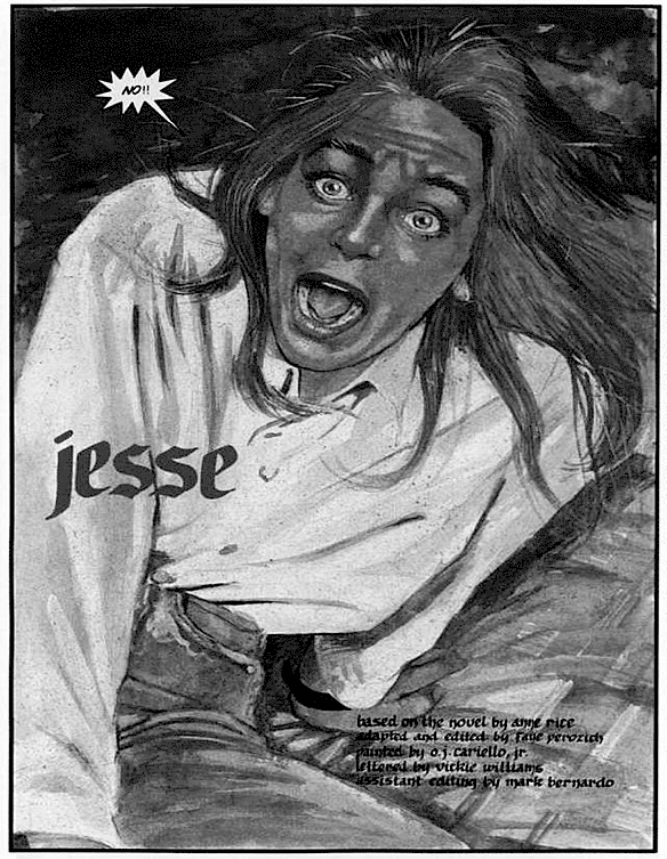
AND OUT OF THE OTHER TWIN CAME  
A HORRID, GUTTERAL MOANING. SHE  
COULDN'T SPEAK. THEY'D CUT OUT  
HER TONGUE!

THEN THE SOLDIERS  
TOOK HOLD OF THEM,  
DRAGGED THEM APART.

DON'T SEPARATE THEM!  
DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THIS  
MEANS TO THEM?

NO! DON'T DO IT!

DON'T--



NO!!

jesse

based on the novel by anne rice  
adapted and edited by faye perozich  
painted by o.j. carriello, jr.  
lettered by vickie williams  
assistant editing by mark bernardo



My Darling Jesse,  
I understand the  
fascination which this creature,  
Lestat, holds for you. And I  
know of your investigation of  
this creature for the Talarnasca.  
As for your dreams of the turns,  
we must talk about together.  
It is of the utmost importance.  
But I beg you--no, I order you  
not to go to this concert. You  
must remain at the Sonoma  
compound until I get there. I  
am leaving Brazil as soon as  
I can.  
Wait for me. I love you.  
your Aunt  
Maharot



I'M SORRY,  
MAHARET. I HAVE  
TO GO.



IF ANYONE IN THE  
WORLD WOULD UNDER-  
STAND, IT WAS MAHARET.

THE TALAMASCA, FOR WHOM  
SHE'D WORKED FOR TWELVE  
LONG YEARS, WOULD NEVER  
FORGIVE HER FOR DISOBEYING  
THEIR ORDERS.



MAHARET WOULD  
FORGIVE.

SHE SHOULD CALL  
THE TALAMASCA.  
CALL DAVID IN  
LONDON. TELL HIM  
PART OF IT, ANY  
THING--

--BUT THAT WAS OUT  
OF THE QUESTION,  
AND SHE KNEW IT.



AND IT BROKE HER HEART  
TO REALIZE THAT NO  
MATTER WHAT DID HAPPEN  
TO HER TONIGHT, THE  
TALAMASCA WOULD NEVER  
KNOW THE WHOLE STORY.



ALL HER LIFE, JESSE HAD  
BEEN CONFIDENT, LUCKY.

AND DESPITE HER SENSE  
OF FATALITY ON THIS  
NIGHT, HER KEEN AWARE-  
NESS OF THE DANGERS  
SHE WAS APPROACHING,  
SHE FELT HER USUAL  
LUCK MIGHT BE WITH HER.

SHE WOULDN'T  
REALLY AFRAID.

JESSE HAD BEEN BORN  
LUCKY, AS SHE SAW IT.

SHE'D BEEN FOUND BY THE  
SIDE OF THE ROAD MINUTES  
AFTER THE CAR CRASH  
THAT HAD KILLED HER  
SEVEN-MONTHS-PREGNANT  
TEENAGED MOTHER—



SHE'D HAD NO NAME FOR TWO  
WEEKS AS SHE Languished  
IN THE COUNTY HOSPITAL...

...BUT THE NURSES HAD ADORED HER,  
NICKNAMING HER "THE SPARROW."



-- A BABY SPONTANEOUSLY  
ABORTED FROM THE DYING WOMB.



IT WAS MAHARET WHO AT LAST CAME  
FOR HER, IDENTIFYING HER AS THE  
SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE REEVES  
FAMILY OF SOUTH CAROLINA--



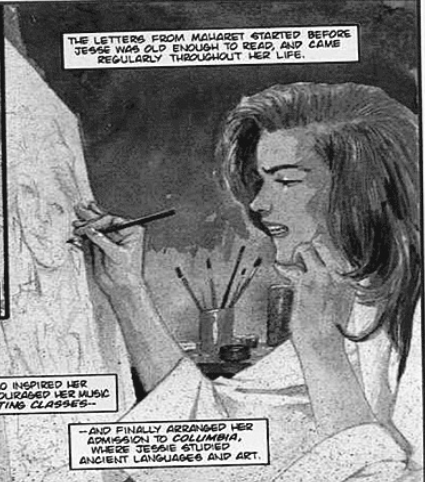
--AND TAKING HER TO NEW YORK  
TO LIVE WITH COUSINS OF A  
DIFFERENT NAME AND BACKGROUND.

MATTHEW GOODWIN WAS A DOCTOR, MARIA WAS A SOMETIME DANCER AND TEACHER--



--AND JESSE WAS THE DAUGHTER THEY HAD ALWAYS WANTED.

IT WAS MAHARET WHO INSPIRED HER IN HER READING, ENCOURAGED HER MUSIC LESSONS AND PAINTING CLASSES--



THE LETTERS FROM MAHARET STARTED BEFORE JESSE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO READ, AND CAME REGULARLY THROUGHOUT HER LIFE.

--AND FINALLY ARRANGED HER ADMISSION TO COLUMBIA, WHERE JESSIE STUDIED ANCIENT LANGUAGES AND ART.

ALL THE FAMILY WERE DEVOTED TO MAHARET AND FASCINATED BY HER...



...BUT WITH JESSE THERE WAS ANOTHER SECRET, A POWERFUL CONNECTION.

FROM HER EARLIEST YEARS, JESSE HAD HAD UNUSUAL EXPERIENCES.



FOR EXAMPLE, JESSE COULD READ PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS IN A VAGUE, WORDLESS WAY.

AND SHE SAW GHOSTS--



--PEOPLE AND BUILDINGS THAT COULD NOT POSSIBLY BE THERE.

IN THESE MATTERS, MAHARET  
WAS JESSE'S CONFIDANTE,  
HER BEST FRIEND.

BUT SHE HAD LONG COME TO  
ACCEPT THAT THEY MIGHT  
NEVER SEE EACH OTHER.

THEN ONE EVENING  
DURING JESSE'S  
THIRD YEAR AT  
COLUMBIA, SHE HAD  
OPENED THE DOOR  
OF HER APARTMENT  
TO DISCOVER THE  
LIGHTS BURNING...

...AND MAHARET  
WAITING FOR HER.

MY  
DARLING.

YOU ARE  
MY CHILD. YOU ARE  
EVERYTHING I HAD  
HOPED YOU WOULD  
BE.

DO YOU  
KNOW HOW  
HAPPY I  
AM ?



IT HAD BEEN A LONG NIGHT. MAHARET WANTED ONLY TO LISTEN TO ALL THAT JESSE HAD TO TELL HER.

AND JESSE TALKED ABOUT EVERYTHING—COLUMBIA, HER WORK IN ARCHAEOLOGY, HER DREAMS OF FIELDWORK IN MESOPOTAMIA.



MAHARET LEFT JESSE AT THE APARTMENT WITH PROMISES TO BRING HER TO VISIT IN CALIFORNIA VERY SOON.

BUT TWO YEARS WERE TO PASS BEFORE THE INVITATION EVER CAME.

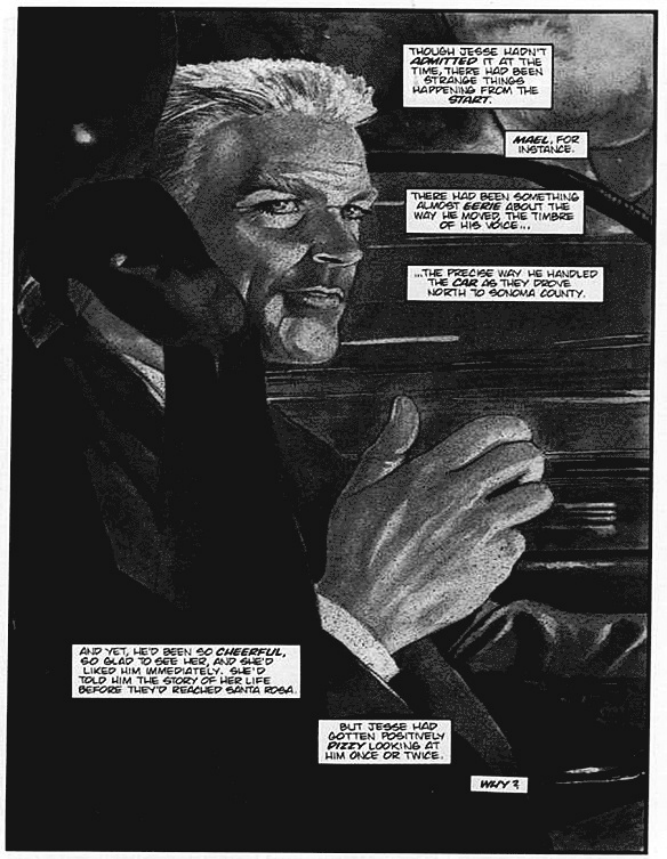


JESSE HAD JUST FINISHED HER BACHELOR'S DEGREE. SHE WAS SCHEDULED TO WORK ON A DIG IN LEBANON IN JULY.

*My Darling,  
You must come  
to the Sonoma  
compound for two  
weeks. Your plane  
ticket is enclosed,  
and Mael, a  
dear friend, will  
fetch you from  
the airport.*

*Your Aunt  
Maharet*





THOUGH JESSE HADN'T  
ADMITTED IT AT THE  
TIME, THERE HAD BEEN  
STRANGE THINGS  
HAPPENING FROM THE  
START.

MAEL, FOR  
INSTANCE.

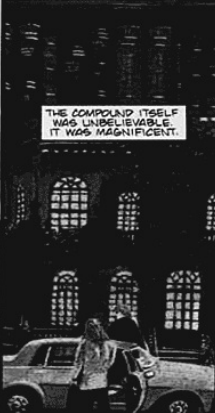
THERE HAD BEEN SOMETHING  
ALMOST GENUINE ABOUT THE  
WAY HE MOVED, THE TIMBRE  
OF HIS VOICE...

...THE PRECISE WAY HE HANDLED  
THE CAR AS THEY DROVE  
NORTH TO SONOMA COUNTY.

AND YET, HE'D BEEN SO CHEERFUL,  
SO GLAD TO SEE HER, AND SHE'D  
LIKED HIM IMMEDIATELY. SHE'D  
TOLD HIM THE STORY OF HER LIFE  
BEFORE THEY'D REACHED SANTA ROSA.

BUT JESSE HAD  
GOTTEN POSITIVELY  
PIZZY LOOKING AT  
HIM ONCE OR TWICE.

WHY?



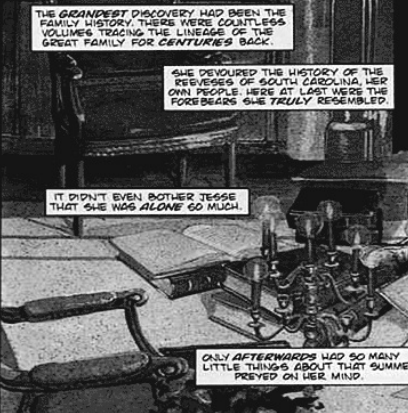
THE COMPOUND ITSELF  
WAS UNBELIEVABLE.  
IT WAS MAGNIFICENT.



JESSE LOVED THE PLACE. SHE  
LOVED THE TAPESTRIED QUILTS  
AND THE ANIMAL SKIN RUGS...



...SHE LOVED THE HUGE  
LIBRARY AND THE  
CRUDE OBSERVATORY  
WITH ITS ANCIENT  
BRASS TELESCOPE.



THE GRANDEST DISCOVERY HAD BEEN THE  
FAMILY HISTORY. THERE WERE COUNTLESS  
VOLUMES TRACING THE LINEAGE OF THE  
GREAT FAMILY FOR CENTURIES BACK.

SHE DEVoured THE HISTORY OF THE  
REEVES OF SOUTH CAROLINA, HER  
OWN PEOPLE. HERE AT LAST WERE THE  
FOREBEARS SHE TRULY RESEMBLED.

IT DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER JESSE  
THAT SHE WAS ALONE SO MUCH.

ONLY AFTERWARDS HAD SO MANY  
LITTLE THINGS ABOUT THAT SUMMER  
PREYED ON HER MIND.

FOR EXAMPLE, MAHARET AND MAEL SIMPLY NEVER APPEARED UNTIL AFTER DARK. AND SOMETHING ABOUT MAEL RANKLED MAHARET, IT WAS OBVIOUS.

WERE THEY LOVERS? IT DID NOT REALLY SEEM SO.

AND THEN THERE WERE THE STRANGE NIGHTTIME PARTIES. HADN'T JESSE AWAKENED TWICE AT THREE OR FOUR IN THE MORNING TO FIND THE HOUSE FULL OF PEOPLE?

AND ALL OF THESE PEOPLE HAD SOMETHING IN COMMON. THEY WERE VERY PALE WITH REMARKABLE EYES, MUCH LIKE MAEL AND MAHARET.



SHE COULDN'T EVEN REMEMBER GOING BACK TO BED.

BUT JESSE WAS SO HAPPY! THESE THINGS SEEMED OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

BUT JESSE HAD BEEN SO SLEEPY...

SHE WAS HAVING TOO MUCH FUN TO CARE.

SHE SPENT THE FIRST FEW EVENINGS OF HER VISIT TALKING WITH MAHARET AND MAEL ABOUT ARCHAEOLOGY.

SOMETIMES MAEL WOULD READ POETRY AND MAHARET OCCASIONALLY PLAYED THE PIANO, VERY SLOWLY, MEDITATIVELY.

BUT JESSE DID HAVE A VERY PECULIAR MOMENT WITH MAEL.

THEY'D BEEN TALKING TOGETHER AT THE DINING TABLE. SHE'D BEEN EXPLAINING ABOUT THE GHOSTS SHE SOMETIMES SAW.

GHOSTS...THE  
ADDBRAINED DEAD!

I GUESS  
THAT'S TRUE--  
GHOSTS DO  
BEHAVE AS IF  
THEY WERE A  
LITTLE ADDLE-  
BRAINED.

BUT THEY  
ARE MERELY THE  
EARTHBOUND,  
OF COURSE.

WHO KNOWS  
WHERE WE GO  
WHEN WE AT LAST  
LET LOOSE OF THE  
FLESH AND ALL  
ITS SEDUCTIVE  
PLEASURES?

BESIDES, THERE  
ARE OTHER SPIRITS WHO  
HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HERE.  
THEY WERE NEVER FLESH  
AND BLOOD, AND IT MAKES  
THEM SO ANGRY.



HOW DO  
YOU KNOW  
THIS?

JESSE STARED AT  
MAEL, HE WAS  
BEAUTIFUL.



THEN AN ODD REALIZA-  
TION HAD SEIZED HER--  
THIS ISN'T  
A HUMAN BEING.



BUT THAT WAS  
RIDICULOUS!  
IF IT WASN'T  
A HUMAN BEING,  
WHAT THE HELL  
WAS IT?



I GUESS WE  
DON'T KNOW WHAT'S  
REAL OR UNREAL, YOU  
STARE AT SOMETHING  
LONG ENOUGH...



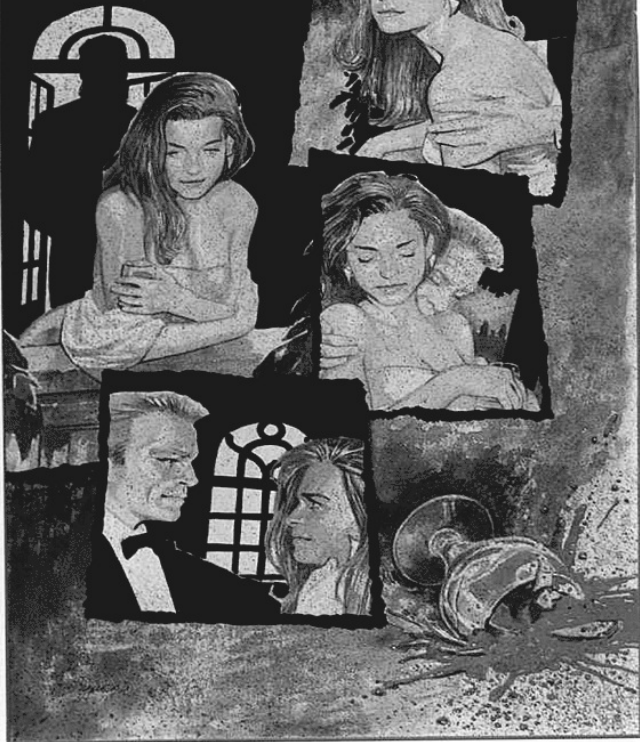
...AND  
SUPPENSELY IT LOOKS  
MONSTROUS.





SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER,  
THE AWFUL AND FINAL  
CATASTROPHE HAD BEGUN.

JESSE HAD BEEN DRINKING  
BURGUNDY ALL EVENING  
LONG, AND SHE WAS  
STANDING ON THE TERRACE  
WHEN MAEL CAME TO HER.







Oh...

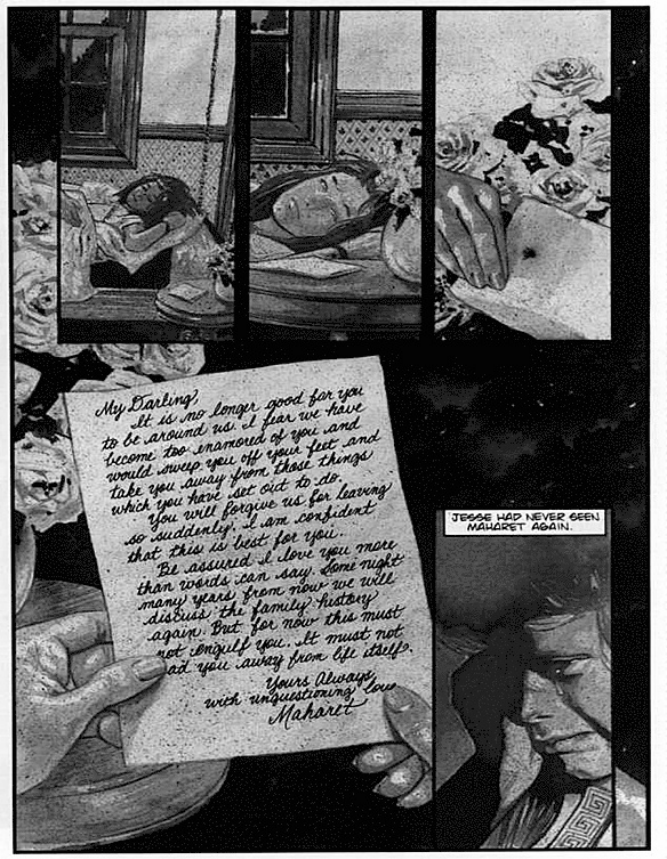


NO!

NO!







My Darling,  
It is no longer good for you  
to be around us. I fear we have  
become too enamored of you and  
would sweep you off your feet and  
take you away from those things  
which you have set out to do.  
You will forgive us for leaving  
so suddenly. I am confident  
that this is best for you.

Be assured I love you more  
than words can say. Some night  
many years from now we will  
discuss the family history  
again. But for now this must  
not annoy you. It must not  
add you away from life itself.

Yours Always,  
with unquestioning love  
Maharet

JESSE HAD NEVER SEEN  
MAHARET AGAIN.



SHE WAS IN LONDON, WORKING AT THE  
BRITISH MUSEUM, WHEN THE  
MEMORIES BEGAN TO COME BACK WITH  
FULL FORCE.

SHE NEVER KNEW WHAT  
TRIGGERED THEM, BUT  
ONE EVENING IN  
TRAFALGAR SQUARE,  
SHE'D SEEN MAEL, OR  
A MAN WHO LOOKED  
EXACTLY LIKE HIM.



WHEN SHE'D WAVED,  
HE WAS SUDDENLY  
GONE...



...AS IF HE'D  
NEVER BEEN  
THERE.



YET THREE DAYS LATER,  
SHE'D RECEIVED  
AN ANONYMOUS GIFT.

IT WAS AN ANCIENT CELTIC  
RELIC, PROBABLY PRICE-  
LESS. COULD MAEL HAVE  
SENT HER THIS PRECIOUS  
THING?

SHE WANTED SO  
TO BELIEVE IT.



SHE WORE THE  
BRACELET EVER  
AFTER THAT.



A man in a dark suit and tie stands in the foreground, looking towards a large, multi-story building. The building has a prominent gabled roof and several windows. A circular sign with a horizontal bar is visible on the building's facade.

JESSE HAD BEEN LIVING IN AN OLD HOUSE IN CHELSEA, NOT FAR FROM WHERE OSCAR WILDE HAD ONCE LIVED. IT WAS A PLACE THAT JESSE LOVED.

BUT, UNBEKNOWNST TO HER, THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHE'D LEASED HER ROOMS HAD BEEN HAUNTED FOR MANY YEARS.

A woman is seated at a desk, looking down at a book or document. She is holding a pen. The desk is cluttered with various items, including a lamp and some papers.

JESSE SAW SEVERAL STRANGE THINGS WITHIN THE FIRST FEW MONTHS.

THEY WERE FAINT, FLICKERING APPARITIONS OF THE KIND ONE FREQUENTLY SEES IN SUCH PLACES...

...ECHOES OF PEOPLE WHO'D BEEN THERE YEARS BEFORE.

A man wearing a top hat and a dark coat stands in a room. He is looking down at a person lying on the floor. The person appears to be dead or unconscious. The man's expression is serious.

JESSE IGNORED THEM.

WHEN A REPORTER CAME BY ONE AFTERNOON, EXPLAINING THAT HE WAS DOING A STORY ON THE HAUNTED HOUSE --

-- JESSE TOLD HIM RATHER MATTER-OF-FACTLY ABOUT THE THINGS SHE'D SEEN.

IT MADE FOR A RATHER MELO-DRAMATIC ARTICLE.



JESSE HAD TALKED TOO MUCH, OBVIOUSLY.

THEN THE TALAMASCA, HAVING READ THE PAPER, CAME TO CALL.

SHE THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY, BUT OTHER THAN THAT, SHE DIDN'T MUCH CARE.

AARON LIGHTNER, AN OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMAN WITH EXQUISITE MANNERS, ASKED TO TAKE JESSE TO LUNCH.

IT WAS ONE OF THE STRANGEST MEETINGS JESSE HAD EVER HAD.

I'M  
A PSYCHIC  
DETECTIVE,  
MY DEAR.

I WORK FOR A  
SECRET ORDER CALLED THE  
TALAMOSCA. OUR SOLE PURPOSE  
IS TO COLLECT DATA ON PARA-  
NORMAL EXPERIENCES.

THE TALAMOSCA  
OCCASIONALLY OFFERS  
MEMBERSHIP TO  
THOSE OF EXTREMELY  
STRONG PARANORMAL  
ABILITY--

WE  
OFFER YOU A CAREER  
IN PSYCHIC  
INVESTIGATION,  
JESSE.

ME? YEAH,  
RIGHT!

I  
RATHER EXPECTED  
YOUR SKEPTICISM,  
MY DEAR.



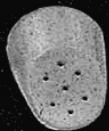
AS JESSE WATCHED THE  
SALT SHAKER DANCE BACK  
AND FORTH, SHE WAS TOO  
AMAZED TO SPEAK.

BUT THE REAL SURPRISE  
CAME WHEN LIGHTNER  
CONFERRED HE KNEW ALL  
ABOUT HER.

SHE HAD COME TO THE ATTENTION OF  
THE ORDER YEARS AGO THROUGH  
"ROUTINE CHANNELS," AND A FILE  
HAD BEEN CREATED FOR HER.

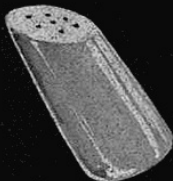
JESSE QUESTIONED LIGHTNER  
RATHER RELENTLESSLY.

HE DID KNOW A GREAT DEAL  
ABOUT HER, BUT HE KNEW  
NOTHING WHATSOEVER  
ABOUT MARGARET OR THE  
GREAT FAMILY.



IT WAS THIS COMBINATION OF KNOWLEDGE  
AND IGNORANCE THAT LURED JESSE.

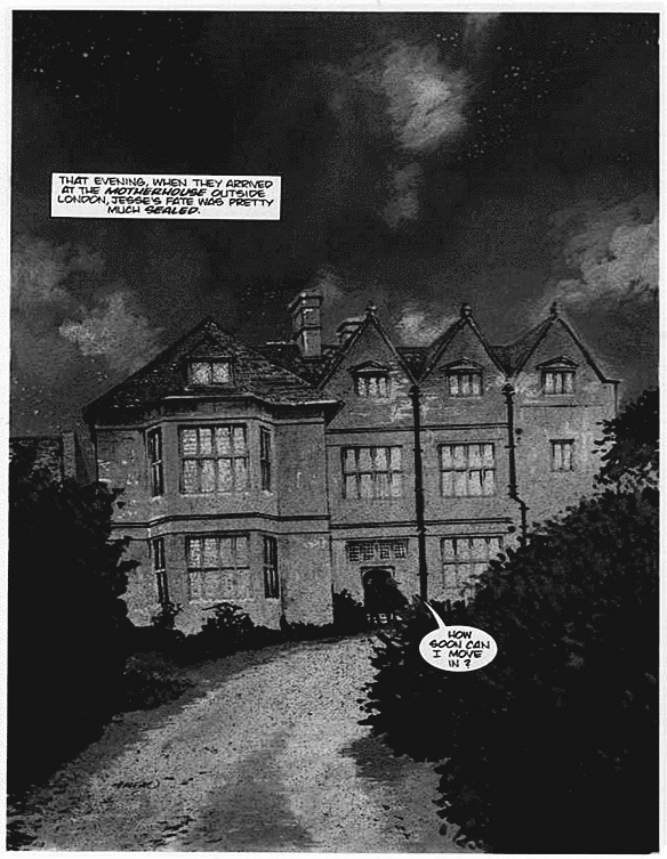
AND THE HISTORY OF THE TALAMASCA  
PROVED POWERFULLY ATTRACTIVE.



A SECRET ORDER, WHICH  
TRACED ITS EXISTENCE  
BACK TO THE YEAR SEVEN  
HUNDRED FIFTY-EIGHT...

...AN ORDER WITH RECORDS OF  
WITCHES, SORCERERS, MEDIUMS,  
AND SEERS OF SPIRITS....





THAT EVENING, WHEN THEY ARRIVED  
AT THE MOTHERHOUSE OUTSIDE  
LONDON, JESSE'S FATE WAS PRETTY  
MUCH SEALED.

HOW  
SOON CAN  
I MOVE  
IN ?